Catawba Journal.

VOL. III.] CHARLOTTE, N. C. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1827. [NO. 121

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By LEMUEL BINGHAM,
At Three Dollars a year, paid in advance.

No paper will be discontinued, unless at the discretion of the editor, until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates. Persons sending in advertisements, are requested to note on the margin the number of insertions, or they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Watches & Jewellery.

THOMAS TROTTER & CO.

TAKES this method to inform the public, that they have opened a shop in Charlotte, in the house lately occupied by Doct. Samuel Henderson, on the north side of the Court-House, where they are well prepared to repair all kinds of

Watches & Clocks,

at the shortest notice. They hope, by a constant attention to business, to merit the public patronage. They have on hand and for sale, the following articles:—

Gentlemen's gold patent lever Watches;
Ladies' do. do. do.
Silver lever and plain do.
Chains, Seals and Keys, Slides and Rings;
Breast Pins, Finger Rings, and Ear Rings;
Silver Table and Tea Spoons;
Soup Ladles and Sugar Tongs;
Silver Spectacles, green and white, to suit all ages;
Military Buttons, Lace and Epauletts;
Ladies' Work Boxes and Reticules;
Bags and Clasps; Thimbles, &c. &c. &c.
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Removal.

DR. JOHN M. HAPPOLDT

TAKES this method of informing those who may feel disposed to honor him with their patronage, that he has removed to the late residence of Mr. Abner Houston, where he may be found and consulted at any time, except when engaged in his professional avocations abroad. He would also return his thanks to the inhabitants of Providence and its vicinity, for their liberal patronage during the past year; he furthermore solicits a continuance of the same, and will endeavor, by his assiduity and attention to business, to give general satisfaction. Considering the scarcity of money, and the pressure of the times, he promises that his charges shall be very moderate.

Providence, Mecklenburg county, N.C.
February 1, 1827.—18tf

N. B. Family Medicines kept on hand for sale.

Stop the Villain,

And beware of the Swindler.

ONE Thomas Hadley, (and, I am ashamed to acknowledge, a kinsman of my own) came to my house in November last, and was treated with kindness and respect. About the middle of December he bargained with me for a valuable stud-horse, at the price of $150; said he then rode a borrowed creature, the owner of which lived about one mile from Concord; borrowed of me a valuable mare, with a saddle and bridle, and started in the morning, to be back in the evening, with the $150 to pay for the stud, but never returned. Said Hadley is about 23 years old, middle size, sandy complexion, and a down look: the mare is black, a white face, four white legs, and is branded with W. H. Any person who will give me information of said rascal, and direct to the post-office in Concord, Cabarrus county, N. C. shall be generously rewarded. WM. HARRIS.

February 17, 1827.—3t21p

☞ The Courier, Augusta, Ga. will insert the above three times, and forward his account to Concord, Cabarrus county, N. C.

House of Entertainment,

AND Stage House, at the sign of the Eagle, in Charlotte, North-Carolina, by
1a136 ROBERT WATSON.

Public Entertainment.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he has purchased that well known establishment, lately owned and occupied by Dr. Henderson, and is now prepared to entertain travellers and others, who may please to call on him; and no exertions will be spared to render them comfortable, and their stay agreeable. His table will be furnished with every variety which the country affords; his bar with the best of liquors; and his stables with plenty of provender, and careful servants will be in constant attendance.

ROBERT I. DINKINS.
Charlotte, April 20, 1826. *80

Ruffner's Strictures.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at this office, "Strictures on a book, entitled, 'An Apology for the Book of Psalms, by Gilbert McMaster.' To which are added, Remarsk on a book, [by Alexander Gordon] entitled 'The design and use of the Book of Psalms.'" By HENRY RUFFNER, A. M. With an Appendix, by JOHN M. WILSON, pastor of Rocky River and Philadelphia.

Entry Takers' Warrants,

For sale, at this Office.

Attachments and Bonds

For sale, at the Office of the Journal.

The Charlotte Stage

HAS commenced running between this place and Camden, S. C. once a week—distance 80 miles. It leaves Charlotte every Wednesday at 5 o' clock, P. M. and arrives at Camden on Friday, at 6 o'clock, P. M.; leaves Camden on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and arrives in Charlotte on Monday at 3 o'clock, P. M.

FARE—Passage to Camden, $5, or 6¼ cents per mile. For seats, apply at the different Post-Offices.

Persons wishing to travel on this line, may expect to meet with good accommodations, and on as cheap terms as any other line in the southern country. There is now a direct stage line from Charleston, S. C. to Knoxville, Tenn. which passes through this place; and besides, stages leave here every week, in different directions, thus affording facilities of communication with every section of the country.

THOMAS BOYD.
Charlotte, Feb. 24, 1827.—4t23

☞ The editor of the Western Carolinian will give the above four insertions in his paper, and forward his account for payment.

Runaway.

TAKEN up and committed to the jail of this county, on the 24th of December last, a negro man, about 28 or 30 years of age, near six feet high, stout and well made, has lost some of his teeth, one of which is a front tooth in the lower jaw; is of rather black complexion, calls himself CYRUS, and says he belongs to Charles M'Culloch, near Rocky Mount, South-Carolina, whom he left in the month of June last.

ALLEN BALDWIN, *Jailor.*
Charlotte, Feb. 24, 1827.—20*

SELLING OFF
At Costs and Charges.

THE subscriber, intending to close his business in this place with the least possible delay, offers his remaining stock of goods at unusually low prices, for CASH. A liberal discount also will be allowed to those who purchase in lots.

Those persons who are indebted to him, are requested to call and settle their accounts (either by note or otherwise) immediately; and those who can neglect this friendly warning, need not expect any further indulgence.

JONATHAN HARRIS.
Charlotte, N. C. March 3, 1827.—4t24

Notice.

THE undersigned having qualified as Executors to the last will and testament of William S. Alexander, deceased, at January Sessions of Cabarrus Court, hereby request all persons indebted to said deceased, by note, book account or otherwise, to make payment; and all those having claims against said estate, are hereby required to present them for payment, within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar.

ALPHONSO ALEXANDER, } *Ex'rs.*
PHILANDER ALEXANDER, }
3t23

Notice.

I OFFER for rent, the well known house and lots in the town of Charlotte, formerly occupied by Mrs. M. Wishert, deceased, for the term of one year. Any person wishing to rent, can have the opportunity of so doing, by applying to the subscriber, or to Samuel M'Comb in the town of Charlotte.

WILLIAM M'COMB.
Feb. 27, 1827.—3t23

Notice.

THE subscriber offers a very valuable tract of land at private sale, containing about 250 acres. Any person wishing to buy my land, I would be glad they would call and see me. I will sell low.

JACOB BAKER.
Feb. 26, 1827.—2t22

☞ Notice.

ALL persons holding receipts against And'w. Clark, as Constable, for the last year, are requested to come forward and lift their papers from the undersigned, as the term of office of the said Clark has expired.

W. H. M'LEARY,
H. HOOVER,
JOSEPH BLACKWOOD.
Feb. 26, 1827.—3t23p

N. B Most of the papers are in the hands of W. H. M'Leary.

Pocket Book Lost.

LOST or mislaid, a Pocket Book, containing twenty dollars. The pocket book was an old one, and had been injured by being burnt. Whoever may have found said pocket book, and will leave it, with its contents, at this office, shall be suitably rewarded.

CHRISTOPHER STEVENS.
March 3, 1827.—2t22

Cheraw Marble Yard.

THE subscribers have commenced business two doors east of the Brick Store, on Church Street, where they will supply those who may wish to call on them, with

MARBLE TOMB STONES,

Tablets and Monuments,

at the shortest notice, and the work will be executed in the neatest manner.

All orders from the country will be promptly attended to.

The subscribers will furnish Marble or Free Stone, for steps, underpinning, door and window sills, caps, &c. for building.

ROBERTS & SWEETLAND.
Cheraw, Jan. 25, 1827.—3t22

Constable's Warrants,

For sale, at this Office.

Political.

From the National Intelligencer.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

It is known, we believe, to our readers, that we have never accorded in the doctrine, that party spirit, in a free Government, is dangerous to the public interest. It has always been our opinion, on the contrary, that the existence of party spirit, to a certain extent, is greatly to be preferred to the calm of despotism, whether that despotism be one of opinion or of physical strength. An opposition to the measures of a Government, when founded upon principle, is entitled to respect and consideration, even from the Administration to which it is opposed. When founded upon different principles, or rather upon no principle at all, but that of a combination to obtain possession of the offices and patronage of a Government, it is still useful; because it induces caution, and a regard for public opinion, on the part of those who administer the Government, which cannot fail to serve and protect the public interest. We must have good reasons, however, before *we* engage in an opposition to an existing Administration, of the nature first above stated, and we never will, under any circumstances, engage in one of the nature last described.

With respect to the present Administration of the Government, it will be remembered by all who read this Journal, that, at the time of its induction to office; on its subsequent organization; and at a later date, we have expressed our conviction that the election of the President had been honestly made, and that the President had acted wisely, and with exclusive regard to the public interest, and to the circumstances of his election, in the appointment of the Officers, who preside over the different Departments of the Government, and represent our country abroad. More recently we have had occasion to say, that, judging the Administration by its measures, we believed, for any thing that we could see, that the election of President by the House of Representatives, resulted beneficially to the country, there being more to approve than to disapprove in the measures of this Government. We have yet seen nothing to change this opinion. "Unwarped by party rage," or even by personal attachments; wholly unconnected with the Executive Administration of the General Government; free from any engagement, understanding, or alliance with any party, or party men, this is the unbiassed dictate of our deliberate judgment.

This sentiment such as we have heretofore expressed it, we now repeat, with entire deference to the opinions of others. We have not sought to seduce others to our opinions; still less have we denounced those who have come to different conclusions, or acted upon different principles, from us.

Recent circumstances, however, have disclosed the existence of an organized opposition to the present Administration, the object of which is to put it down, right or wrong. The first open application of this principle having been made, contemporaneously with its avowal, to us personally, occasioned us no little surprise. It is with pain, indeed, we find ourselves obliged to direct the attention of our readers to some features of the scheme, by which the Machiavelian principles of a very few individuals are sought to be made the rule of action for a great people—of the scheme, in the prosecution of which, public utility, faithful services, and acknowledged integrity, are to be sacrificed to the Moloch of party—of the scheme, by the successful operation of which this Administration is, in the language of a highly respectable member of the party, to be "put down, though it be as pure as the Angels which stand at the right hand of the throne of God!"

We shall endeavor to say nothing personally offensive to any human being in our present exposition of this matter; but we should be treacherous to the *great national interests* of which we are proud of being the advocates—we should be faithless to our readers, who look to us for the development of passing events—if we did not speak plainly what we know, and disclose frankly what we believe. If this be offensive to the prejudices or convictions of any of our readers, we shall regret it.—But, circumstanced as we are, the suppression of truth, on such a subject, is equivalent to the expression of falsehood. If we were to withhold what we know and believe, on a matter so vital to the great interests of our country as that we are about to open, our daily paper would be a daily lie to the community.

With these prelimanry remarks, we invite the attention of our readers to the vote in the Senate of the United States, on Thursday last, for a Printer to that body. The occasion was in itself an unimportant one, wholly unworthy of special notice, and to which we certainly should never have invited the attention of our readers, but for the organization which it for the first time disclosed, and for the principles openly avowed on that occasion, by the Hon. MARTIN VAN BUREN, an eminent Senator from the State of New-York, who has earned the distinction of being brought into this bold relief, by presenting himself, on that day, as the spokesman of the party of which we shall take the freedom to consider him the head and representative, if he be not both its parent and its guardian. Of that Senator we should be the last to speak with personal disrespect. With talents enough to be a great man, he has the manners of a gentleman, and an enviable private character. It is only of his political principles, his notion of party discipline, and the manner in which he has brought them both to bear upon the present state of public affairs, that we mean to speak.

On the occasion to which we have already referred, Mr. VAN BUREN made the following remarks, which were carefully noted down by our Reporter, and will not be denied or retracted:

"He had long been of opinion, he said, that the public interest might be promoted, *the condition of the Press, as well here as throughout the country, improved*, and respect for the Senate, as well as accuracy in the publication of the proceedings of the Senate, better secured, by a judicious revision of the laws relative to the public printing at large."

"At a more convenient season, he hoped the subject would be revised, and he promised himself the best results from such revision as the nature of the subject was susceptible of."

Now, to "the revision of the laws," &c. we have not the slightest possible objection: nor do we care how the Senate shall think proper to have its printing done for the future, so it is decently done. It is to the *avowed object* of this proposed revision, that we take exception. We throw out of view the "accuracy in the publication of the proceedings," as a motive for the proposed revision, because every one who knows any thing about it, knows, that this objection is thrown in to make up light weight: we pass by also, the "respect for the Senate," in which every man of sense knows, and every man of candor will acknowledge we have never been in any manner deficient: and leaving such arguements to those who can swallow them, we enter our protest against the doctrine contained in the other part of the remarks, that the *condition of the Press* is to be regulated, not only here, but "throughout the United States," by any vote of the Senate, or by any legislation of both Houses of Congress combined. We protest against this revival of the odious principle of the old Sedition Law, viz: the right of a party to protect itself by or from the Press, through the agency of legislation by Congress.

It was, indeed, somewhat an extraordinary coincidence, that, whilst in the other House, the conduct of the Secretary of State was arraigned for changing some of the Publishers of the Laws, as though he had committed an offence meriting impeachment, it should be gravely proposed, as a *desideratum*, in the Senate, that the Press, not only here, but thro'out the country, should be regulated by the distribution of the Public Printing, with a view to *improving* "the condition of the Press." What has been deemed unpardonable in a Secretary of State, seems to have been thought by the Hon. Senator to be perfectly fair in a party in one branch of the Legislature, upon whose predominance in both branches of the next Congress the most confident calculations are made—with what accuracy time will shew.

The honorable Senator ought to be well aware of the utter futility of all attempts to *organize* the public press. Its conductors are made of sterner stuff than to be brought down upon their knees with one accord, to worship any idol of party which he may choose to set up. There are a thousand of these individuals, many of whom would not only part with the paltry profit flowing from party patronage, but even with liberty, or life itself, sooner than with the right of private judgment, of which *his* notion of party discipline requires the absolute surrender. Nor can the press be chastised, any more than it can be bought or sold. The idea of thus operating upon the press, cannot live in the pure atmosphere of public opinion, however it may be cherished by passion or prejudice. Much may be effected, we know, in regard to the press, by party organization within the limits of a single State: we have seen examples of that, as we have recently of the effect of similar organization in the particular department of the government to which the honorable Senator belongs. But, in the nation, such, consentaneousness of sentiment and language can have no duration, either among the conductors of the press, or the body of the people, independently of reason and conviction. Public opinion turns upon and *resists* every attempt to dragoon it. It *resents* every attempt by an organized party, to bend the press by bribery to its selfish purposes. Of the first of these operations, we have seen an example in the case of the old sedition law: of the other, we shall see it again whenever Mr. VAN BUREN succeeds in his notable project of *improving* the condition of the press "throughout the country," by means of the Public Printing, whether it be bestowed as a boon for obsequiousness, or taken away as a punishment for independence and integrity of conduct.

The observations of Mr. Van Buren, would not have been considered entitled to these few remarks, but for the vote by which they were followed up and sustained, which exhibited an organized strength of two and twenty votes infavor of a measure, which, we say without reserve or hesitation, we do not believe the *reason* of a single individual of the whole number approved. Not desiring to be thought to speak disrespectfully of any of these gentlemen, we must explain that we confine our application of the word "reason" to the merits of the thing actually to be disposed of, viz: the printing of the Senate. In a political or party sense, it is true we *can* concieve how some gentlemen should think it very reasonable to give consequence, by their votes, to a print established here to rail at the Administration, right or wrong; and which must be admitted to have been true to its vocation. But even in that sense, it was lamentable to see such men as our old friend Dickerson, the incorruptible Macon, and Smith of South-Carolina, Benton, of capacious mind, and Chandler, of blunt honesty, not to speak of others, ranging themselves under the standard of a new cabalistical party organization, the first object of which, when brought to a head, was to "improve the condition of the press," by prescribing the *National Intelligencer*, and identifying the Senate of the United States with *the Telegraph!* The intention might have been disclaimed, had not the vote been preceded by the observations of Mr. Van Buren. They gave to that vote its true character, and to Mr. Van Buren's remark its right interpretation. The force of party could no further go. Ancient connexions, recent associations, personal attachments, all melted into thin air before the wand of the great magician! It it really a lamentable subject of contemplation. For their own sakes, it grieved us to see such men yielding all the inclinations of their hearts, along with the conviction of their reason, to the grand political scheme, by which the vote of New York is to be secured to the newly organized party, and, as the price of it, Mr. Van Buren is to be—any thing he pleases. This, of course, the reader will be good enough to understand to be our opinion, but, for that opinion we shall, another day, give what appear to be very substantial reasons.

To Mr. Van Buren's elevation to higher office than he now holds, on proper principles, we shoul have had no objection. In the last Presidential Election he acted throughout with firmness and consistency: we should have been very willing to have seen him elected Vice President at that time, and would, indeed, if we could, have promoted his elevation to the honorable station now occupied by his friend and successful competitor, Mr. Calhoun. But when he comes forward with the Shibboleth of a new party in his mouth, the first utterance of which is to strike at the independence of the press, we must be excused if we treat him, as he hastreated us, downrightly, and without knowing or caring how our exposition may effect his feelings or his ambitious projects.

Let no one suppose, that our views of his projects, and those of the new party which he is endeavouring, with practised art, to form into a large one, are founded on the single incident in the Senate, plainly as that speaks. We have other and much higher matter to place before our readers hereafter. But this exposition, which has been forced upon us by considerations not to be discharged without a sacrifice of every political principle we have ever professed, involves too much matter to be disposed of at a single sitting.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 8.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.

It has been over and over again triumphantly stated, in certain public prints hostile to the present Administration of the General Government, that Mr. Chas. Carroll, of Carrollton, the only surviving Signer of the Declaration of Indepen-

dence, is likewise opposed to the Administration, and to the re-election of Mr. Adams to the Presidency, and that, on a recent occasion, at a large meeting of the friends of Gen. Jackson, in the city of Baltimore, this was asserted with great confidence to be the case. To place this matter in its proper light, and to show, Messrs. Editors, how groundless is the assertion of the prints alluded to and of the orators at the town meeting, the writer of this article begs leave to trouble you with an extract, for publication, of a letter, dated 4th December last, which he received from a gentleman of the very first respectability in Baltimore, enjoying the advantage and happiness of a social and habitual intercourse with Mr. Carroll, which ascribes, upon the authority of Mr. Carroll himself, very different sentiments to that enlightened and estimable "First Citizen," than those which these prints and the friends of General Jackson in Maryland, would thus fain attribute to him. Being well aware of the respect and deference so deservedly entertained for the opinions of Mr. Carroll in that State, it is not to be wondered at (in these times of bold assumption) that they endeavor to throw the weight of his distinguished name and character into the scale of the decreasing popularity of their favorite candidate, as a counterpoise to the increasing popularity of Mr. Adams in the same hemisphere; but I trust that it will be made sufficiently manifest, from the extract that they, have no right so to use the name and opinions of Mr. Carroll, to help the desperate cause in which they are employed.

EXTRACT.—"Mr. Carroll (of Carrollton) is so pleased with Mr. Adams' whole conduct, since his election to the Presidency, that, he says, any preference he might some time since have had for another has been entirely removed, and that he now thinks Mr. Adams ought to receive the whole support of all the honest part of the community, and, for one, would give him his support for a re-election. This agrees with what I told you was the general opinion of our best men here; and I am sure it will give you satisfaction to find that Mr. Carroll's opinion corresponds with what I told you it was."

The following anecdote is quoted from the new Philadelphia Quarterly. The review of American Biography, from which this is taken, contains a number of interesting incidents and characters.

When the British Army had possssion of Philadelphia, Gen. Howe's head-quarters were in Second street, the fourth door below Spruce, in a house which was before occupied by Gen. Cadwallader. Directly opposite, resided William and Lydia Darray, members of the Society of Friends. A superior officer of the British Army, believed to be the adjutant general, fixed upon one of the chambers, a back room, for private conference; and two of them frequently met there, with fire and candles in close consultation. About the 2nd of December, the adjutant general told Lydia that they would be in the room at 7 o'clock and remain late; and that they wished the family to retire early to bed; adding, that when they were going away, they would call her to let them out, and extinguish their fire and candles. She accordingly sent all the family to bed; but as the officer had been so particular, her curiosity was excited.

She took off her shoes, and put her ear to the key-hole of the conclave, and overheard an order read for all the British troops to march out late in the evening of the fourth, and attack General Washington's army, then encamped at White Marsh.—On hearing this she returned to her chamber, and laid down. Soon after, the officer knocked at the door, but she arose only at the third summons, having feigned herself asleep. Her mind was so much agitated, that from this moment she could neither eat nor sleep; supposing it to be in her power to save the lives of thousands of her fellow countrymen; but not knowing how she was to convey the news to General Washington, not daring to confide it to her husband. The time left however was short. She quickly determined to make her way as soon as possible to the American outposts. She informed her family, that as she was in want of flour, she would go to Frankford for some; her husband insisted that she should take the servant maid with her, but to his surprise she positively refused. She got access to Gen. Howe, and solicited, what he readily granted, a pass through the British troops on the lines. Leaving her bag at the mill, she hastened towards the American lines, and encountered on her way an American lieutenant colonel (Craig) of the light horse, who, with some of his men, was on the look out for information. He knew her, and inquired where she was going? she answered, in quest of her son, an officer in the American army, and praying the colonel to alight and walk with her. He did so, ordering his troops to keep in sight. To him she disclosed her secret, after having obtained from him a solemn promise never to betray her individually, as her life might be at stake with the British.

He conducted her to a house near at hand, directed something for her to eat, and hastened to head quarters, when he brought General Washington acquainted with what he had heard. Washington made, of course, all preparation for baffling the meditated surprise. Lydia returned home with her flour; sat up alone to watch the movements of the British troops; heard their footsteps; but when they returned, in a few days after, did not dare to ask a question, though solicitous to learn the event. The next evening the Adjutant General came in, and requested her to walk up to his room, as he wished to put some questions. She followed in terror; when he had locked the door and begged her with an air of mystery, to be seated, she was sure that she was either suspected or had been betrayed.—He inquired earnestly whether any of the family were up the last night he and the other officer met; she told him that they retired at eight o'clock. He observed, "I know *you* were asleep, for I knocked at your chamber door three times before you heard me: I am entirely at a loss to imagine who gave General Washington information of our intended attack unless the walls of the house could speak.—When we arrived near White Marsh, we found all their cannon mounted, and the troops prepared to receive us, and we have marched back like a parcel of fools."

MISERIES OF WEALTH.

Suggested by reading Hazlitt's "Miseries of Poverty."

It is to have a subscription paper handed you every hour in the day, and be called a niggard, if you refuse your name. It is to eat turkey and drink wine at a dearer rate than your neighbors. It is to have every college, infirmary, and asylum, make a run upon the bank of your benevolence, and then wonder at the smallness of the dividend. It is to have sectarians contend for the keeping of your conscience, and lawyers struggle for the keeping of your purse. It is to be remembered from Seguin to Talbot Island, whenever a dinner or a loan is wanted. It is to be taxed for more than you are worth, and never to be believed when you say so. It is to have addition of dollars, subtraction of comforts, and multiplication of anxieties, end in division among spendthrift heirs. It is to have the interest of every one about you exceed their principle. It is to make up to the merchant all the profits he looses by knavery, or frugality. It is never to be allowed to be upon easy terms, even with a coat, or a shoe. It is to be married for your money, or to have a wife always casting up the sum total of the dollars she brought. It is to have your son's steps surrounded by "mantraps," and your daughter made a target for the speculating and selfish to aim at. It is to measure friendship by the length of your purse, to buy flattery, and sell happiness. It is to have debtors smile upon you and knaves shake you by the hand. It is to have a dyspeptic wife and pale children. It is to have sons go to college to buy the themes of wiser heads, and daughter's brains turned by the flattery of fools. It is to be invited to drink poor wine, that you may give better in return. It is to have your lady's peace disturbed by a higher feather, or a brighter diamond. It is to buy green peas at nine shillings, and relish them not, because your neighbor gives two dollars. It is to have relations wish you a short life and a long will. It is to have your widow mourn bitterly, provided her future depends on perpetual widowhood. It is to have more temptations in this world than other men; and lastly, to find the entrance to a better more difficult than to the rest of mankind.

Mass. Journal.

NEW ENGLAND ANNUAL FAST.

The Governor of the State of Maine has issued the following proclamation for the annual fast solemnized in the New-England States, which we recommend as a model for similar compositions.—Hitherto, most of these papers have resembled each other so closely, both in matter and style, that one might be tempted to suppose that they were all manufactured by the same hand, and that some proclamation grinder had been engaged to furnish the Governors of the several States at a cheap rate with these articles, ready made, as they were wanted.—This document, however, is quite out of the common track, and contains a good deal of excellent advice, which we hope, the clergymen of Maine will make the subject of their sermons on the day of fast; and if possible, persuade their flocks to follow it. It is short, too, another valuable property in a state paper; and deserves for its brevity and comprehensiveness to be preserved as a curiosity.

[*N. Y. Evening Post.*

By advice of the Council, and in compliance with a venerated usage, I appoint Thurday, the fifth day of April next, for Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

I recommend to each citizen to observe the day as a Christian; if he be under the influence of any vice, to banish it; if in error, to correct it; if under obligations, honestly discharge them; if suffering injuries, to forgive them; and if able to do any benevolent act to any being created by the Almighty Power to which he owes his existence and his faculties, to do it.

And, with a conscience thus prepared, may we visit the Temple of God, to worship Him with that humble and happy disposition which always belongs to piety and innocence; beseeching him that the religion he sent by our Saviour may not be perverted through the pride and prejudices of Sectarism, but may universally receive the homage of a correct faith and good works.

Especially, I recommend that, being members of one great community, we unite as Christian Politicians, so that we may render perpetual the peace and prosperity of our country and of this State.

ENOCH LINCOLN.

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

By the packet ship New-York, which arrived at New-York on the 6th inst. papers of the 30th January have been received. The Times and Morning Chronicle of that day contain some extracts from the French papers of the 27th and 28th of January; but they communicate nothing of importance. The Journal des Debats of January 27th has the following paragraph:

"Intelligence from Bayonne, states, that according to letters from Madrid, a Constitutional column, nearly 300 men strong, had disembarked on the coast of Malaga. The commandant of the province, and the royalist volunteers, pursued them, and took 33 prisoners, who were subsequently shot."

There are, in these papers, accounts from Lisbon of the 13th of January. It is said that the English troops do the police service of the city, in conjunction with the Portuguese troops; and it was said that some of the British troops were about to march to occupy some of the most important points of the provinces. The Minister of Justice and Ecclesiastical Affairs, had found it necessary, in consequence of the broils which took place between the British troops and the inhabitants, to issue an order calling on the criminal magistrates to take nightly rounds through the city, to close the taverns and drinking-houses at certain hours, to make landlords responsible for any disturbances by day or night, and to prevent them from receiving any pledges of arms and clothing from the British soldiers in payment for drink.

A branch of the Apostolical Junta, is said to sit nightly in Lisbon, and to contribute its subscription to the grand collection made on the part of the church in Spain, and the rest of the kingdom, to resist the Constitution.

The British troops already in Portugal amount to 6000. These will be sent into the disturbed districts in three divisions. But the writer of the letter before us says, this force will be altogether inadequate to hold the country.

The better opinion is, that the cause of the Portuguese rebels is desperate. The Marquis of Chaves, defeated, has been compelled to withdraw to the frontiers, and must soon retreat into Spain.

The Spanish army was moving upon the Portuguese frontier, and the oxen and mules, &c. on the Portuguese side of the line, had been purchased up and driven into Spain.

Madrid dates are to January 15th. A Manifesto had been issued from the War Department to the commanders in chief of the different provinces, in regard to Portugal, it is decidedly pacific. It speaks of the "magnanimous King of England."

The Moniteur gives, under the date of Madrid, December 11, the order in which the Swiss brigade was to leave the Capital, between the 12th and 16th inst. Their departure was certain, and the actual arrival of them at Bayonne is expected on the 6th of next month.

The Duke of Wellington succeeds the Duke of York in the command of the army, and has announced his intention of retaining the whole of the Duke's Official establishment.

The Greek frigate Hope, now called the "Decatur Millinois," arrived at Napoli on the 6th of December. She was received with great enthusiasm. Miaulis took command of her, and the Lausanne Gazette says that gallant admiral had already, accompanied by the rest of the flotilla, attacked the Egyptian fleet, and captured several vessels laden with ammunition.

Another column of Rumeliots had entered the Morea, marching against Ibrahim Pacha, who being beaten at every point, had been obliged to quit the plateau of Tripolitzza, and to retreat to Modon.

Letters from Marseilles say, that Lord Cochrane is at St. Tropez, arming a brig of 400 tons, and making active preparations to join the Greeks, with a considerable amount of funds.

A letter is mentioned from Lord Cochrane to the Greek Government, in which he says, that the time is approaching when he will come to their relief, and that he may be expected in the Morea in the month of March.

Karaiskaki has covered himself with glory at Aracona, towards Livadia; he there attacked Muslan Bey Kiaffa, of Rumelia, with 2000 men, and completely defeated him. Before the action, the Turk proposed to retire. No! replied Karaiskaki, Missolonghi demands blood, and 1300 barbarians were sacrificed to the manes of those sacred victims. This fury of the Greeks shows how the wounds in the hearts of the victors were still bleeding. (The greater part of Karaiskaki's troops is composed of the defenders of Missolonghi, who lost every thing they held dear, when that town was plundered.) A rich booty, in arms and baggage, was the result of this brilliant success.

According to the latest advices from Jerusalem, the Janissaries there were in a state of insurrection, and the place was closely blockaded.

A London paper has received from its correspondent in Paris, under date of Jan. 26, the most deplorable account of the situation of trade in the principal sea ports of France, growing out of, as is stated, the uncertainty in which affairs are situated in regard to the steps taken by France with respect to Portugal. All confidence was destroyed, and a vast quantity of goods remained in the hands of the Manufacturers, particularly those of Lyons.

The Statistical Table of the States of Europe, published annually by the Almanack of Gotha, has long enjoyed the esteem of the learned of all communities—that for 1827 is drawn up with increased care and correctness.

For instance, the revenue of Russia, which was estimated at only 268 millions of francs, is now stated at 338 millions—a sum exactly equal to the revenue of Austria. That of Prussia, which was stated at 247 millions, is now estimated only at 193. The sum of the revenues of these three Powers makes a total of 869 millions, and that of France is 229: thus we see, that this kingdom is not only as rich as Austria, Russia, and Prussia, together, but that it has an overplus of 51 millions, which is equal to the revenue of several Powers of the second order, such as Portugal, Sardinia, and Sweden.

England, according to the same table, will raise this year a sum of 1410 millions; but the interest of its debt being 750 millions, there will remain only 660 for the public expences; for this reason, the Budget for every branch of the public service is smaller, with a few exceptions, than that which is allotted to the same branch by the French chambers. It appears that, on an average, the Frenchman contributes 11 per cent. of his income to the public expenditure, while the Englishman contributes 25 per cent.

FROM PORT-AU-PRINCE.—Our correspondents of the New York Gazette have perused a letter from a highly respectable merchant at Port-au-Prince, dated the 14th ult. in which he says, "The *Chambre des Communes* was opened for an *extra* session three days since. The speech of the President was very patriotic and savored strongly of *war*. He announced that the despatches recieved from the French Government were very unsatisfactory, and that it behoved *all* to be prepared *for the worst*. I have never seen more anxiety exhibited by the people generally than at this moment.

EARLY ASPARAGUS.

NORFOLK, *March 5*.—We were yesterday presented, by our friend, Mr. Jos. A. Barron, with a fine bunch of *Asparagus*, from his extensive beds. A mess of this delicious vegetable, thus early, is a rarity indeed. Mr. Barron informs us that he has a quantity of the Early Asparagus roots to dispose of, which are really worthy the attention of the curious in gardening.

Herald.

RICHMOND, MARCH 7.

Altered Notes.—Notes of the Farmer's Bank of Virginia, the Mother Bank, on which are the heads of Washington and Jefferson, have been altered from five to fifty dollars. The figures 5 at each end, and the word *five* in the body, have been extracted, and large figures 50 and the word fifty, inserted by a stamp and neatly executed. The small eagle between the signatures of the President and Cashier, has also been taken out and the figures 50 stamped in its place. The public may guard against imposition by noticing, that neither of the heads above mentioned, are on the borders of the genuine fifty dollar notes of the *Mother Bank;* the borders of which have the denomination at one end and the name of the Bank at the other.

Compiler.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

A gentleman aged 17, courted a lady aged 13, and it is fully believed that he continued his visits regularly once a fortnight, for 35 years, and that the time was appointed for the marriage five or six times during this period, but from some cause, unknown to any person except themselves, they were not married. The time was again appointed to be on the 15th December last; the gentleman attended accordingly, but the lady sent him off as he went; she, however, in a few days, changed her notion; wrote him a note to that effect; he went to her house, taking the parson with him, and they were finally married on the 21st December, without the knowledge of any part of the family, who were astonished on coming into the house at night, finding the couple married, and an elegant supper on the table. This shews, in part, the uncertainty of things; but he that is faithful to the end shall be saved.

Savannah Republican.

Greek Supplies.—The ship Chancellor, Captain Baker, has cleared at New York for Napoli di Romania, with provisions, &c. for the Greeks. Mr. Miller, of Vermont, who has passed several years in Greece, goes out in the vessel. He will have the charge of the supplies and pay attention to their distribution. The cargo, says the New York Gazette, is worth about $18,000, including the freight and insurance, which have been paid. It consits principally of corn, meal flour, rice, and the like articles. A second vessel will be despatched as soon as it is practicable, in which Lieut. Carpenter, of the United States Navy, who has just returned from the Mediterranean station, will go as agent.

Balt. Patriot.

DREADFUL.—The following are some of the particulars of an uncommon act of murder and suicide which occurred in Pinegrove, Penn. on the 4th ult. The murderer, John Eckel, had evinced strong hatred towards his sister, a woman aged about 24, for upwards of a year, (no doubt occasioned by a diseased mind) the proofs of which were so strong that she was compelled to leave her father's house. Her parents were taken sick last fall with the prevailing fever, on hearing which, she informed them that if her brother would suffer her to be at peace, she would return and administer to her wants—this he promised. A few weeks previous to committing this crime, his unnatural hatred returned more formidable than ever. He kept a gun constantly loaded, and carried a butcher's knife about his person. He declared to her the evening previous to committing the act, that they both must die within an hour. He was restless the whole night. At day-break he told her to be at rest, for he would not injure her, and went out of the house; but returned in a short time, picked up an account book and threw it on the floor, stating that there were several entries against persons who owed him money. As the father was in the act of picking it up, the brother seized his gun, and discharged a ball into his sister's breast. She shrieked—her father attempted to catch her in his arms, but she fell streaming with blood, and was a corpse in a few hours.—The murderer retreated a short distance from the house, and instantly another shot was heard. He was discovered shortly afterwards about 60 yards from the dwelling, suspended by a rope to the limb of a tree, with his knees nearly touching the ground, part of his jaws and nose were shot away, and throat partially cut. His gun was found re-loaded, leaning against a tree, and his knife, coat and waistcoat lying on the ground near it.

The legislature of Alabama, says the Raleigh Star, at its last session passed an act to prohibit the importation of slaves into that state for sale or hire. The act provides, that any person carrying negroes into the state after the first day of August next, for sale or hire, shall be liable to a fine of $1000 for each negro so carried into the state, and imprisonment. It farther provides, that persons who carry slaves into the state for their own use, shall not sell or hire them within two years after their arrival.

A new paper on a new plan has been recently established in New-York, by Messrs. Baldwin, Roberts, Brooks and Lawton, entitled the "Morning Chronicle." The outer form is a close imitation of the Lon. Morning Chronicle, and in neatness, and arrangement of matter, it is surpassed by no publication in this country. The four great departments of editorial duty is assigned to the four editors, to wit: Mr. Roberts takes charge of the political department—he was formerly an associate of Mr. Noah in the New York National Advocate; Mr. Baldwin attends to the commercial—he edited a commercial paper in New York not long since; Mr. Brooks has the literary department under his care—He is the author of the beautiful poetical effusions under the signature of "FLORIO" that graced the newspapers of the day, some few years since, and attracted so much notice even in Europe, that a publisher in Scotland directed his agent in this country to contract with him, we believe, for fifty pieces of poetry to be published in a book then in contemplation. Mr. Brooks more recently was the editor of the New-York "Minerva," and also of the "New-York Literary Gazette and Athenæum, the latter of which he quits for his present situation; and Mr. Lawton, is charged with the Reviews of the Market—he is said to be well acquainted with his duties.

Balt. Patriot.

We have just heard, with feelings of deep regret, of the death of the Rev. Thomas Howard, Presiding Elder of the Methodist Church in this Circuit, which happened under circumstances peculiarly distressing. He was to have been married this week to a young lady in Virginia, and, as we learn, was on his way to consummate his engagement, when his horse took fright, ran away and threw him out of his gig, by which he was so much injured, as to survive but a short time.—*Raleigh Register.*

It is reported and believed that the difficulties relative to the Colonial Trade between this country and England, are likely to be satisfactorily and speedily adjusted at London by Mr. Gallatin our Minister there.

The Journal.

CHARLOTTE:

TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1827.

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

We invite the attention of our readers to a very interesting article under the above head, copied from the National Intelligencer. The editors of that paper deserve great credit for thus boldly and fearlessly exposing the plans of the "Combination," whose intrigues are already at work to deprive the people of any voice in the election of President, and to place it in the hands of a few individuals seeking for offices which better men now fill. The master-spirit, who guides and controls the Opposition, is *Martin Van Buren*, the prince of intriguers—he is to secure the entire vote of New-York to this combination of ambitious politicians, and as his reward, is to have his choice of offices. Are the people prepared for this? Are the votes of states to be thus bought and sold, not that the government may be better administered, but that a few aspiring politicians may obtain offices and be clothed with honors of which they are not worthy? If political depravity is thus to triumph over public virtue, the glory of the country has departed, and its freedom will soon follow; indeed, it will be scarcely worth preserving. But it cannot be—the morals of the country are still too pure to permit it. Falsehood and deception, we are aware, may accomplish much; but when stripped of the thin disguises which they wear, their power ends; we have therefore no doubt of the triumph of correct principle, and of the signal defeat of the combination formed to put down the Administration, right or wrong. The wand of truth, like the spear of Ithuriel, has exposed their plans, their intrigues and deceptions;

> ....."For no falsehood can endure
> Touch of celestial temper, but returns
> Of force to its own likeness:"

and the pretended "friends of the people" are now exhibited in their true characters. Unwilling to rest their chance of success on the good sense and intelligence of the people, they have resorted to "practised art" and intrigue to secure votes which they cannot otherwise obtain. The end will be worthy of the means—retributive defeat and forfeiture of public confidence.

It likewise appears, that the dead are to be raised to aid the "combination." "King *Caucus*," who has been reposing quietly in the tomb for more than two years, is, by some political legerdemain, to be brought to life, to re-assume the crown and sceptre and receive the homage, not of his willing subjects only, but of many of the sturdy rebels who assisted in his dethronement, and subsequently sung songs of triumph at his death. That this miracle is to be performed, we have the authority of the New-York Advocate for saying. This paper claims to be "the organ of the party"—to speak not what it knows, or approves, but what is dictated to it by the "leaders" of the coalition—and thus they have dictated:—"From sources entitled to the deepest consideration, we learn that the *Republican party, by means of their able and talented* LEADERS, *intend to make a nomination in the good old way, by Caucus or Convention, for the next Presidency and Vice-Presidency of this great nation.*"

Our readers will note, that not a word is said of the *people*—but the election of President is to be taken out of their hands, and codfined to the "LEADERS." They are, to be sure, styled the "*leaders* of the republican party;" but who constituted them,—Van Buren, Benton, Calhoun, id omne genus,—"*leaders* of the republican party?" The people? No:—for the election is to be made, independently of the people, by a self-constituted *caucus*—they have made themselves *leaders*, and presumptuously imagine, that the great republican party *the people*, will follow whithersoever they *lead*. But in this, we trust and believe, they will find themselves mistaken. The "leaders" attempted, by means of King Caucus, to dictate a President to the country at the last election; but the people dethroned his majesty and turned a deaf ear to the counsels of their self-appointed "*leaders;*" and they will do so again.

It is truly mortifying to see men,—men, whom the people then confided in, and as we thought, justly and safely.—who were foremost in denouncing a *caucus*, as dangerous to public liberty, and destructive to the purity of elections, now preferring to resort to it, rather than rely on the unbought suffrages and discernment of the people. But such is the fact; and it shows, that if they were *once* with the people, they are not *now*; for a conviction of being strong in the confidence of the people, would deter them from the use of means to insure success, independent of the people. They may *talk* as much as they please about a "minority administration;" but the desperate shifts to which they are compelled to resort to sustain their tottering cause, plainly evince that they *believe* the present administration to be, what it in fact is, a *majority* administration.

To conclude. Will the people of this state, whose disapprobation of a *caucus* nomination of President, was so plainly shown at the last election, again tolerate it? Is the principle changed, or the strong objections removed, that they should again take it into favor? These questions are important; and we trust the people of this state, at least, will seriously consider them.

Mr. Long, the representative in Congress from Rowan District, in his circular to his constituents, thus expresses himself in relation the present Administration:—

"The journals of Congress will show, that on many national subjects, I have disagreed with the Administration. My opposition to it arises from a different source from the charge of "intrigue, bargain and management," which has been so profusely promulgated from one end of the continent to the other, which justice and candor compel me to say I do not, and never did believe. It is to the general policy of this, as well as of Mr. Monroe's administration, (which was nearly the same on the subject of internal improvement and import duties,) that I object. And whether that policy, which we in the southern states so justly complain of, will be changed by cancelling the power into the hands of others, I cannot positively state."

The editor of the Baltimore Patriot has been favored with the following interesting extract of a letter from a gentleman in Europe, (who has the best means of acquiring the most correct information,) to his friend in Baltimore, dated 26th January:—Whether his predictions are well founded or not must soon be realized.

"My unconquerable persuasion is, that War must break out ere long, and that France and England must be parties. Every effort will be made by England to involve us some way or other. *I know*, that a policy to this effect has been agreed on and laid down in England several years ago, as to the policy to be observed with respect to us, whenever any new war should occur. There was a policy adopted then, and it will be followed, not to allow us to enjoy a profitable neutrality, and to re-become the factors of the world. They will move every spring to deprive us of another indefinite term of progressive, unexampled prosperity.—They will not allow a renewal of Jonathan's thrifty, nourishing system of paddling his own canoe, and picking up grists all over the mill-ponds of the world, and of effecting in some twenty years, what other nations have required centures to accomplish. I tell you, my good friend, *I know this.* England will have enough on her own hands in Europe, and I shall not be surprised, if, under the present pressure, she may not be earnest in accommodating every cause of difference with the United States—indeed, I have some reason to believe that she will.

"There must be War—all Europe is alive for it—especially the French; they are indignant at Mr. Canning's audacious language in his afterwads subdued and mitigated speech. The English are detested every where on the continent, and no where more than in Portugal. The Portuguese ask the British officers, what the devil brought you here? Who wants the English to be meddling in our affairs? You may be assured that the Portuguese neither understand nor want Don Pedro's Constitution. The English are as well aware of that as are the French or Spaniards. Again I say, there will be War."

The Legislature of Virginia have, it is known, rejected the bill *to take the sense of the people*, as to calling a convention for revising the constitution of that state. The vote stood, for the bill 103, against it 107. The Lynchburg Virginian, a paper that speaks the language of freedom and reason, furnishes a curious illustration of the inequality of the existing constitution of Virginia, and the great need for a reform, when it, or rather one of its correspondents, states in a tabular form, opposite the name of each member voting on the question, the number of *free whites* he represented, and arrives at the result that the 107 votes which rejected a bill—not calling a convention, but simply asking the sense of the people whether or not a convention should be called, represented only 220,000 citizens, while the 103 votes in favor of the bill represent 371,000 citizens. Yet Virginia is held up here, and exhibits herself—as far as the Richmond Enquirer can vouch for her—as a model of republicanism.

N. Y. American.

The New York American gives the following as the cause of the recently contemplated duel between Mr. Wright and Mr. Saunders:—"General Saunders is the person whose resolution on the public printing has made so much talk in the House of Representatives, and is from North Carolina.—Mr. Wright is from Ohio. The cause of offence, we believe, was, that Gen. Saudners, after launching anathemas against all office-seekers, office-holders, and others living upon the "public crib," was reminded in the House by Mr. Wright, that he, the aforesaid Saunders, had very recently sought to fasten his teeth in the "public crib," in the shape of Clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States, for which office he was an unsuccessful applicant. Mr. Wright, referring to Mr. Saunder's disappointment, and to his resolution calling upon Mr. Clay for his reasons for removing certain printers, suggested that the latter should be so amended, as also to ask from the Judges of the Supreme Court their reasons for having appointed another person Clerk. This, and the comments thereupon, roused, we believe, the wrath of the gallant General to the challenging point." [True bill.]

Legislative Nuisance.—The Grand Jury of Albany have presented as a nuisance, the room kept for the refreshment of the members of the Legislature.

Six hundred thousand dollars of Kentucky Commonwealth's Bank paper, were consigned to the flames at Frankfort, the 15th ult. in pursuance of a Resolve of the Legislature. This makes in all $1,473,000. There yet remain on hand $500,000—leaving about $800,000 in circulation.

In a Rhode-Island paper we perceive an expression of regret—by no means confined to that Journal—that the bill for the relief of the surviving officers and soldiers of the army of the Revolution was defeated. We concur with the editor to whom we allude, that no blame can attach to Mr. Burges, the able Representative from that State who had charge of the measure, for its failure. He did all which individual ability and zeal could perform. He was ceaseless in his vigilance, and unwearied in the perseverance of his efforts to bring this interesting subject before the House; but it was not in the power of any member of a Committee, or of any Committee itself, to subdue the determined spirit of resistance with which the bill was encountered at every stage. If a bill should ever pass to give these veterans relief—and if ever it should pass, it must pass shortly, or they will be beyond the reach of legislative provisions—we presume it must be presented in a different form than that which was so zealously, but unsuccessfully, urged on the House at the late Congress.—*Nat. Journal.*

A singular instance of good fortune is mentioned in the last Louisport (Md.) Star. A poor laboring man having saved a lad from drowning, the father, in his gratitude, made him a present of a lottery ticket, which two days afterwards drew a prize of *ten thousand dollars.*

Some of the editorial fraternity have lately tried to introduce the practice of sending to the printer a slice of wedding cake with the notices of marriage which they may be requested to publish. A couple in Michigan seem to have had a better idea of this thing—the editor of the Detroit Gazette, in publishing a marriage, acknowledges the receipt of "*a fine hind quarterof beef.*"

Four hundred letters were mailed in one day at the Post Office in New-York, for Gen. M'Clure, the author of a bill introduced into the New-York Legislature, to tax bachelors.

Since 1812, fifteen cargoes of fur seal skins, taken within the southern Artic circle, have been brought into the port of Stonington, Conn. and sold for two hundred and seventy-seven thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven dollars. Four vessels from Stonington are now engaged in the sealing business.

Law Intelligence.—The case of Chs. L. Smith *vs.* Lewis P. Franks, the editor of the "Independent Balance," for a libel published in that paper against Mr. Smith, was tried and determined yesterday at Nisi Prius, before Judge Duncan. The jury gave the exemplary verdict of *ten thousand dollars* damages for the Plaintiff.

National Gazette.

FOR THE CATAWBA JOURNAL.

THE COMMON SWEARER.

It was said by an eminent divine, that "the common swearer worked for the Devil, and found himself." He receives no equivalent. Profane swearing can plead no temptation. It brings to its votaries neither pleasure nor profit; and it is one of the most absurd and ridiculous, as well as wicked and impious abuses of speech. It is the appropriate language of blackguards and fools. Happily, for the world, men of sense and education seem now, so to view it. Few men, who have any pretensions to the character of the scholar or gentleman, now indulge in profane language. Could rational, immortal and accountable beings once be led to consider its vulgarity and absurdity, as well as impiety, surely they could not indulge in the dreadful practice. "Damn ye," says one, "I am glad to see you." This is, truly, a polite address. First, to post away his friend to Hell, and then, to express his pleasure at seeing him so comfortably lodged. Where will men place their *enemies*, if they send their *friends* to that gloomy region, "where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth?" Surely, they consider *Hell* a pleasant place, and to be damned a distinguished privilege. "Damn ye, you dog," cries another, "how do you do?" This genteel accomplishment is an improvement on the former, as it implies not only *damnation*, but *transformation.* It is a compound of *curse* and *raillery.* First, to plunge his friend into Hell; then, to strike him out of the list of rational animals, and degrade him to a dog; and lastly, to inquire how he feels under this double transformation. Surely, this benevolent friend ought to know, that a man, amid fire and brimstone, cannot enjoy much ease; and that a rational being, degraded to the condition of a dog, cannot feel very proud of the metamorphosis. But *a third*, still more refined, accosts his friend, whom he has not seen for several years, with, "Damn ye, you son of a ———, where have you been, all this time?"—There is much freedom and ease in this salutation; but surely, not too much delicacy. To sentence one's friends to eternal condemnation; to cast a reproach on the legitimacy of his birth; and to stigmatize his mother, perhaps one of the most amiable and pure of human beings, by so coarse an epithet, may suit the inhabitants of Bilingsgate, or the purlieus of some of our own cities; but a delicate and refined mind must surely recoil at the dreadful language.

We are sensible that such expressions are defended, on the ground that they are mere common-place expressions, void of any meaning, and not intended to convey any reproach. But God has expressly declared, by the prophet Malachi, that "for every idle word men shall speak, they shall give an account in the day of judgment." Such language may be considered as a mere *jest* on earth; but we have reason to believe, that it will be deemed a *serious* matter before the righteous tribunal of a holy God. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." This command of the Decalogue is spiritual, and extensive in its application. All profane and impious language; all foolish and wanton jesting with things of a serions nature; all cursing, swearing, and imprecations, however they may be introduced, will expose us to the righteous indignation of a holy God. "Lay not the flattering unction to your souls," that you did but jest. No distinction is made in the sacred volume, between sins committed in *jest*, or in *earnest.* If we sin in *jest*, God, we have reason to believe, will punish us in *earnest.* Indeed, so far from being an extenuation of our guilt, have we not reason to believe, that foolish and impious jesting on the subjects "of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come," will only serve to increase our condemnation in the sight of a holy God? Let, then, the common swearer remember, that he sins without even the poor apology, that he could not resist the violence of temptation; since profanity brings neither pleasure nor profit. That he degrades himself to a level with the meanest and most infamous grades of mankind. That he confounds and abuses the meaning and use of language. That he forfeits all pretensions to the character of the scholar and the gentleman; and that for every idle, profane and indecent word he utters, he must render a solemn and awful account in the day of judgment.

BENEVOLUS.

From the Charleston Courier.

IMPROMPTU

On reading the late Duel correspondence.

M'Duffie, you were surely right
In deeming it no trifle,
To let the fierce Kentuckian fight
With his infernal rifle.

His offer of "*a rest*" wont do—
The scheme is not profound;
So plain his meaning is, that you
Shall take it—*under ground.*

MARRIED,

At the seat of Dr. John M. Harris, York District, S. C. by the Rev. A. Anderson, on Tuesday evening, the 20th inst. Mr. James Strong, of Chester District, S. C. to Miss Elizabeth A. Ross, daughter of the late Capt. Alexander L. Ross, of this county.

During the last year, the sale of lottery tickets in Rhode Island, exceeded the sum of one million, six hundred and sixty thousand, nine hundred dollars.

Negroes for Sale.

BY virtue of an order of Iredell County Court, I will sell, at Public Vendue, on Tuesday, the 24th day of April next, at the residence of William Falls, in the lower end of Iredell county,

Nine likely young NEGROES,

consisting of Boys and Girls, belonging to the heirs of Capt. Gilbreath Falls, deceased.

Six months' credit will be given. Bond and approved security will be required.

THEOPHILUS FALLS,
Administrator de bonis non.

March 22, 1827.—3t26

Valuable Trust Sale.

BY virtue of a Deed of Trust, executed by Robert Abernathy, jun. to me, to secure the payment of a certain debt therein mentioned, I will proceed to sell, for cash, at Beattie's Ford, in Lincoln county, on the 10th day of April next, the following property, to wit:

Eleven or twelve NEGROES,

Consisting of two men, one woman, boy and children, all likely, young, and of excellent character. Also, the

Tract of LAND

Whereon said Abernathy lives, with a Cotton Machine on it; and another tract, on the Catawba river, about two miles above Beattie's Ford, containing 296 acres, being part of David Hutchinson's tract of land. If all should not be sold on the day appointed, the sale will continue next day.

ROBERT H. BURTON, *Trustee.*

March 6, 1827.—4t26

Land for Sale.

I WILL sell, on a credit, at the Court-House in Lincolnton, on Monday, the 23d day of April next, being the time of the Superior Court, that

Valuable Tract of Land,

On which the widow of the late John Moore resides, containing 560 acres, and situated immediately on the Catawba River, between Thompson's and Tool's fords.

ANDREW HOYL.

Lincoln County, March 19, 1827.—4t27

Notice.

THAT I have given my note, payable to John K. Houston, for the consideration of twenty dollars; which I forewarn any person from trading for, as I have never received value for the same, and am determined not to pay it.

3t26 DAVIDSON HENDERSON.

LIBERTY,

THAT elegant bay HORSE, will stand the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, every day ot the week, except Saturdays, on which days he will stand at John McCoy's, near Hopewell meeting-house, commencing on the 2d Saturday in April. LIBERTY will be let to mares at the moderate rates of three dollars the season; one dollar and fifty cents the single leap, the money to be paid at the time of service, or the mare will be considered as put by the season; six dollars to insure a mare with foal. Great care and precaution will be taken to avoid accidents; but I will not be liable for any. The season to commence the 2d of April and end on the 16th June.

DESCRIPTION.—Liberty is a beautiful bay, sixteen hands high, eight years old this spring, well proportioned and possessing great muscular power. Liberty was got by old Prince Laboo.

ALANSON ALEXANDER.

March 23, 1827.—3t26

DOCTORS

Thos. I. Johnson & Thos. Harris,

HAVING associated in the practice of MEDICINE, respectfully tender their services, in the several departments of their profession, to the citizens of Charlotte and its contiguous country. They can at all times be found, at their newly established shop, on the lot formerly occupied by Dr. Thomas Henderson, two hundred yards south of the Court-House, except when professionally engaged. They are in daily expectation of a fresh and genuine assortment of Medicine from Philadelphia and New-York. 23*

Mendinhall's Patent Grist Mill.

THE subscriber, being legally appointed agent for the county of Mecklenburg, offers for sale patents for making and using the above patent Mills, to all such as may apply.

JAMES DINKINS.

10th March, 1827.—6t27.

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

HAVILAND & ASHFIELD

OFFER,

AT 304, KING-STREET,

AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF

Drugs & Medicines.

—ALSO—

108 Kegs White LEAD, warranted pure,
385 Do. do. good,
160 Do. Spanish Brown,
80 Do. Venetian Red,
20 Bbls. Whiting, English,
25 Do. Linseed Oil, Philadelphia.
10 Hhds. Copperas,
18 Kegs Verdigris,
75 Do. Yellow Ochre,
1200 Lbs. Putty, in bladders,
4 Bbls. Copal and Japan Varnish,
8 Bbls. Spirits of Turpentine,
4 Hhds. Lamp Black,
407 Boxes Window Glass, embracing all sizes, from 7 by 9, to 22 by 28. Logwood in stick and chipped; chipped Camwood; Nicaragua; Fustic; Redwood; Indigo, Spanish and Carolina;—Fullers' and Dyers' articles of all kinds.

H. & A. can inform Merchants and other Dalers, that they are daily receiving additions to their stock from their house in New-York and fancy that inducements are afforded to purchasers to call as above.

Charleston, Dec. 20, 1826.—3m[illegible]

Poetry.

From the Forget Me Not.

THE GREEK AND THE TURKMAN.

BY THE REV. GEROGE CROLY.

A night attack by Constantine Paleologus, on a detached camp of the troops of Mahomet the second, at the siege of Constantinople.

The Turkman lay beside the river,
The wind play'd loose through bow and quiver,
The charger on the bank fed free,
The shield hung glittering from the tree,
The trumpet, shawm, and atabal,
Were hid from dew by cloak and pall;
For long and weary was the way
The hordes had marched that burning day.

Above them, on the sky of June,
Broad as a buckler, glow'd the moon,
Flooding with glory vale and hill,
In silver sprang the mountain rill,
The weeping shrub in silver bent,
A pile of silver stood the tent:
All soundless, sweet tranquillity,
All beauty, hill, and tent, and tree.

There came a sound—'twas like the gush
When night winds shake the rose's bush;
There came a sound—'twas like the flow
Of rivers swell'd with melting snow;
There came a sound—'twas like the tread
Of wolves along the valley's bed;
There came a sound—'twas like the roar
Of ocean on its winter shore.

"Death to the Turk!" uprose the yell;
On roll'd the charge—a thunder peal:
The Tartan arrows fell like rain,
They clank'd on helm, on mail, on chain;
In blood, in hate, in death, were twined
Savage and Greek, mad, bleeding, blind;
And still on flank, on front, and rear,
Raged, Constantine, thy thirstiest spear!

Brassy and pale, a type of doom,
Laboured the moon, through deepening gloom;
Down plunged her orb—'twas pitchy night:—
Now Turkman, turn thy reins for flight!
On rush'd their thousands through the dark;
But in their camp a ruddy spark,
Like an uncertain meteor, reel'd:
Thy hand, brave king, that firebrand wheel'd!

Wild burst the burning element
O'er man and courser, flag and tent;
And through the blaze the Greeks outsprung,
Like tigers, bloody, foot and fang,
With dagger's stab and falchion's sweep
Delving the stunn'd and staggering heap—
Till lay the slave by chief and Khan,
And all was gore that once was man.

There's wailing on the Euxine shore—
Her chivalry shall ride no more.
There's wailing on thy hills, Altai,
For chiefs—the Grecian vultures' prey!
But, Bosphorus, thy silver wave
Hears shouts for the returning brave,
The kingliest of her kingly line,
For there comes glorious Constantine!

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From a preliminary view of the French Revolution, prefixed to the life of Napoleon Buonaparte—By the Author of Waverly.

"Three men of terror, whose names will long remain, we trust, unmatched in history by those of any similar miscreants, had now the unrivalled leading of the jacobins, and were called the triumvirate.

"Danton deserves to be named first, as unrivalled by his colleagues in talent and audacity. He was a man of gigantic size, and possessed a voice of thunder. His countenance was that of an Ogre on the shoulders of a Hercules. He was as fond of the pleasures of vice as of the practice of cruelty; and it was said there times when he became humanized amidst his debauchery, laughed at the terror which his furious declamations excited, and might be approached with safety, like the Mael-strom at the turn of tide. His profusion was indulged to an extent hazardous to his popularity, for the populace are jealous of lavish expenditure, as raising their favourites too much above their own degree; and the charge of peculation finds always ready credit with them, when brought against public men.

Robespierre possessed this advantage over Danton, that he did not seem to seek for wealth, either for hoarding or expending, but lived in strict and economical retirement, to justify the name of the incorruptible, with which he was honored by his partisans. He appears to have possessed little talent, saving a deep fund of hyprocrisy, considerable powers of sophistry, and a cold exaggerated strain of oratory, as foreign to good taste, as the measures he recommended were to ordinary humanity. It seemed wonderful, that even the seething and boiling of the revolutionary cauldron should have sent up from the bottom, and long supported on the surface, a thing so miserably void of claims to the public distinction; but Robespierre had to impose on the minds of the vulgar, and he knew how to beguile them, by accommodating his flattery to their passions and scale of understanding, and by acts of cunning and hypocrisy, which weigh more with the multitude than the words of eloquence, or the arguments of wisdom. The people listened as to their Cicero, when he twangled out his apostrophes of *Pauvre Peuple, Peuple vertueux!* and hastened to execute whatever came recommended by such honied phrases, though devised by the worst of men for the worst and most inhuman purposes.

"Vanity was Robespierre's ruling passion, and though his countenance was the image of his mind, he was vain even of his personal appearance, and never adopted the external habits of a sans culotte. Amongst his fellow jacobins, he was distinguished by the nicety with which his hair was arranged and powdered; and the neatness of his dress was carefully attended to, so as to counterbalance, if possible, the vulgarity of his person. His apartments, though small, were elegant, and vanity had filled them with representations of the occupant. Robespierre's picture at length hung in one place, his miniature in another, his burst occupied a niche, and on the table were disposed a few medallions exhibiting his head in profile. The vanity which all this indicated was of the coldest and most selfish character, being such as considers neglect as insult, and receives homage merely as a tribute; so that, while praise is received without gratitude, it is withheld at the risk of mortal hate. Self-love of this dangerous character is closely allied with envy, and Robespierre was one of the most envious and vindictive men that ever lived. He never was known to pardon any opposition, affront, or even rivalry; and to be marked in his tablets on such an account, was a sure, though perhaps not an immediate sentence of death. Danton was a hero, compared with this cold, calculating, creeping miscreant; for his passions, though exaggerated, had at least some touch of humanity, and his brutal ferocity was supported by brutal courage. Robespierre was a coward, who signed death-warrants with a hand that shook, though his heart was relentless. He possessed no passions on which to charge his crimes; they were perpetrated in cold blood, and upon mature deliberation.

"Marat, the third of this infernal triumvirate, had attracted the attention of the lower orders, by the violence of his sentiments in the journal, which he conducted from the commencement of the Revolution upon such principles that it took the lead in forwarding its successive changes. His political exhortations began and ended like the howl of a blood-hound for murder; or, if a wolf could have written a journal, the gaunt and famished wretch could not have ravened more eagerly for slaughter. It was blood which was Marat's constant demand, not in drops from the breast of an individual, not in puny streams from the slaughter of families, but blood in the profusion of an ocean. His usual calculation of the heads which he demanded, amounted to two hundred and sixty thousand; and though he sometimes raised it as high as three hundred thousand, it never fell beneath the smaller number. It may be hoped, and for the honor of human nature we are inclined to believe, there was a touch of insanity in his unnatural strain of ferocity; and the wild and squalid features of the wretch appear to have intimated a degree of alienation of mind. Marat was like Robespierre, a coward. Repeatedly denounced in the Assembly, he skulked instead of defending himself, and lay concealed in some obscure garret or cellar among the cut-throats, until a storm appeared, when, like a bird of ill omen, his death-screech was again heard. Such was the strange and fatal triumvirate, in which the same degree of cannibal cruelty existed under different aspects. Danton murdered to glut his rage; Robespierre, to avenge his injured vanity, or to remove a rival whom he envied; Marat, from the same instinctive love of blood, which induces a wolf to continue his ravage of the flocks long after his hunger is appeased."

"Danton despised Robespierre for his cowardice; Robespierre feared the ferocious audacity of Danton; and with him to fear was to hate—and to hate was—when the hour arrived—to destroy.—They differed in their ideas also of the mode of exercising their terrible system of government. Danton had often in his mouth the sentence of Machiavel, that when it becomes necessary to shed blood a single great massacre has a more dreadful effect than a series of successive executions. Robespierre, on the contrary, preferred the latter process as the best way of sustaining the reign of terror. The appetite of Marat could not be satiated but by combining both modes of murder. Both Danton and Robespierre kept aloof from the sanguinary Marat.

Among the three monsters mentioned, Danton had that energy which the Girondists wanted, and was well acquainted with the secret movements of those insurrections to which they possessed no key. His vices of wrath, luxury, love of spoil, dreadful as they were, are attributes of mortal men;—the envy of Robespierre, and the instinctive blood-thirstiness of Marat, were the properties of fiends. Danton, like the huge serpent called Boa, might be approached with a degree of safety when gorged with prey—but the appetite of Marat for blood was like the horse-leech, which says, Not enough—and the slaughterous envy of Robespierre was like the gnawing worm that dieth not, and yields no interval of repose. In glutting Danton with spoil, and furnishing the means of indulging his luxury, the Girondists might have purchased his support; but nothing under the supreme rule in France would have gratified Robespierre; and an unlimited torrent of the blood of that unhappy country could alone have satiated Marat. If a colleague was to be chosen out of that detestable triumvirate, unquestionably Danton was to be considered as the most eligible."

"Who reads an American Book."

This insulting word has again and again been practically replied to, in a manner rather galling, probably, to the impudent querist. Numerous books, written by Americans, have gone thro' extensive editions here—have been translated into several of the European languages, and every where lauded "to the very echo." Such facts are assuredly the best and most triumphant answer to the sneering query above.

Another *American* book has just been issued from the press in this city. Messrs. G. & C. Carvill have published a volume of poems from the pen of Halleck. It is ushered into the literary world under the plain and modest title of "Alnwick Castle, with other Poems"—strictly in accordance, however, with the adage, "good wine needs no bush." Some of the poems had previously been published; several others have never before met our eye.—In all of them we find the same nerve, wit and sweetness that have always characterised this gifted writer's productions. The extract from "Connecticut, an unpublished poem," in the measure of Byron's Don Juan, is a remarkably beautiful effort, combining, in a happy manner, the pathetic and the ludicrous. We conceive the mingled style, passing with ease "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," to be that in which Mr. H. peculiarly excels. The following stanza--from a tale of the "Green Mountaineer, the Stark of Bennington"--is terse and epigrammatic. It is endowed with the essence of wit—its soul, brevity:

"When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
Briefly he spoke before the fight began—
"Soldiers! those German-gentlemen are bought
For four pounds eight and seven pence per man,
By England's king—a bargain, as is thought:
Are we worth more? Let's prove it, now we can;
For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
'Or Mary Stark's a Widow!' It was done."

We earnestly hope and trust that the publication of the remainder of this poem will not long be delayed.

N. Y. Gazette.

An old lady proverbial for her pride of Christianity, one afternoon discovered while in the midst of her work, the reverend shepherd of the flock of which she was a member, within a few paces of the house, and making straight to the door. Wishing to be thought well employed she threw her spinning aside and seizing her spectacles and bible, though she could not read a word, sat down and was engaged so deeply at the time the good man entered, as not to observe him until he gently tapped her on the shoulder, with "la! madam, do you read with your bible upside down?" "Oh dear is it Mr. B." said she, "yes, I always read so; I'm left handed."

From the Trenton Emporium.

PRAISE AND CENSURE.

The world, some people say, is censorious—and it is to a certain extent, true:—But the world sometimes compliments very highly—and I have a strong inclination to say, that its praises do more mischief than its censures—I say it.

Censure when it is applied where it is merited, often has a salutary effect. When bestowed where it is not deserved, it produces no injury on a well regulated mind. The strong and prevailing disposition among people to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think, needs some general corrective—and censure, though an unpleasant, is often, in these cases, a very wholesome medicine.

Praise, on the other hand, touches on a more dangerous key. It nurses instead of suppressing the dangerous propensity to pride.

"*He's a genius,*" people said of my young friend Alcanzor—and it got to Alcanzor's ear, as such things will in nine cases out of ten. The youth was promising fair for manhood—with industry and prudence to follow up the advantages he enjoyed, he would have become an ornament to society. But the idea of being a genius haunted him night and day. He put on a thousand ridiculous airs, and fell into as many ridiculous practices—became puffed up with vanity and self conceit and let slip all his golden opportunities in grasping after the foolish phantoms that flitted before his bewildered brain. He turned out a poor creature.—Praise had done the mischief.

"*What a beautiful girl!*" the young gentlemen used to say when they passed Jane Seymour's window, and got a glance at her fine face and pretty figure. It was no wonder that they called her beautiful, for she was so. But persuade a young lady that she is very beautiful—and she must be a girl of extraordinary good sense if she don't let the thing run in her head to the exclusion of more profitable thoughts. Jane once cultivated her mind, was industrious and ingenius with her needle—bid fair to become an excellent housekeeper—she would have been a rare prize if left to the guidance of natural judgment. But she soon began to conclude that she was beautiful—that beauty compensated for every thing else. Those of the beaux who were worth having, thought differently—the others she would not accept, and this misunderstanding lost her a husband No sensible man ever thought a beautiful wife worth as much as one that could make a good pudding.—I wish the girls all knew this, for I feel a great interest in their welfare.

Praise has made more fools and coxcombs, than censure ever made misanthroplics.—They are both good things in their *exact* paces—but it requires a great deal of judgment to place them there. When misapplied, the first flows generally from better feeling than the last—and it is a pity friends should do another an injury. These axioms are indisputably correct—and ought to be always borne in mind.

OLIVER OAKWOOD.

Reflections on the state of Marriage, by a Married Man.—The leading features in the characters of a good woman are mildness, complaisancy, equanimity of temper. The man, if he be a provident and worthy husband, is emmersed in a thousand cares. His mind is agitated, his memory loaded, and his body fatigued. He retires from the bustle of the world, chagrined perhaps, by disappointment, angry at indolent or perfidious people, and terrified lest his unavoidable connexions with such people should make him appear perfidious himself. Is this the time for the wife of his bosom, his dearest and most intimate friend, to add to his vexations, to increase the fever of an overburthened mind by a contentious tongue or a discontented brow?

Business, in its most prosperous state, is full of anxiety, labor and turmoil. O, how dear to the memory of a man is the wife who clothes her face in smiles, who uses gentle expressions, and who is ever ready to relieve and hush his cares to rest. There is not in nature so fascinating an object as a faithful, tender and affectionate wife.

From Zion's Herald.

TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

Mr. Editor.—I am no friend to superstition, yet I cannot help revering some of the good old steady habits of our ancestors—Much has been said against the ancient New Englanders for hanging people on the charge of witchcraft. Perhaps there were some things wrong in their conduct; but had they been regulated by the same principles which governed the proceedings at a late trial for witchcraft, where I was present, I know not that much could be said against them. In this case the prisoner, (who was a corpulent, red-faced, smiling sort of a woman,) plead "not guilty." She was well assisted by able counsel who proffered their services gratuitously. Why they did so, I know not; unless it was because she had bewitched them. After hearing the evidence, the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty." The presiding judge, whose name was TRUTH, immediately proceeded to pass sentence according to law. I will give you his words as near as I can recollect them.

Addressing the prisoner, he said, "You have been tried according to law and evidence, and not by the absolute ordeal of casting into the water. You have been found guilty of the most atrocious witchcraft. You have broken the bands that united parents and children, and placed the destructive weapons in the hands of a son, and impelled him to take the life of an affectionate father. You have prostrated many of your neighbours in the mire of the streets, and one of them was, through your means, thrown into the fire and burnt to death.—Others have been slowly, yet mortally poisoned by your pretended medicines, while you professed to be one of their warmest friends. You have bewitched some into a state of partial derangement, in which they have committed the basest crimes. You have snatched the bread from the mouths of innocent children, and, by magic power, changed it into liquid fire to consume the vitals of their parents. You have thrown some of your neighbours into prison; hung up others on the gallows, and drowned many in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. The sentence of the court is, that you be immediately taken to some convenient place of execution and hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead, and may you die to live no more for ever. I am informed that the name of the criminal was *Intemperance*. I remain yours, with much respect. * * * * * * *

JOHN KNOX.

The pure, heart-searching doctrines, which were preached by the Scotch Apostle, were then as they are now, offensive to the carnal heart; and he was commanded by the voluptuous court of Mary to desist. Knox, who knew no master, and obeyed no mandate, that was in opposition to his God and his Bible, paid no attention to the command of the palace. Hearing from the enemies of the cross, who were the favorites and friends of the palace, that her orders were disobeyed; the haughty Mary summoned the Scottish reformer into her presence. When Knox arrived, he was ushered into a room in which were the Queen and her attendant Lords. On being questioned concerning his contumacy, he answered plainly that he preached nothing but truth, and that he dared not preach less. "But, (answered one of the Lords) our commands must be obeyed on pain of death—silence or the gallows is the alternative." The spirit of Knox was roused by the dastardly insinuation that any human punishment could make him desert the banner of his Saviour; and with that fearless, indescribable courage, which disdains the pomp of langnage or of action, he firmly replied—"My Lords, you are mistaken if you think you can intimidate me to do by threats, what conscience and God tell me I never shall do; for be it known unto you, that it is a matter of no importance to me, when I have finished my work, whether my bones shall bleach in the winds of heaven, or rot in the bosom of the earth." Knox having retired, one of the lords said to the queen, "We may let that man alone, for we cannot punish him." Well, therefore, might it be said by a nobleman at the grave of John Knox, "Here lies one who never feared the face of man."

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion: when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side; or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be cotemporaries and make our appearance together.

Ingratitude never so thoroughly pierces the human breast as when it proceeds from those in whose behalf we have been guilty of indiscretions.

Avoid the eye that discovers with rapidity the bad, and is slow to see the good.

If your wife be a sensible woman, make her your private secretary.

Choose a wife as you choose an axe, look well at her temper.

Marrying a man you dislike, in hopes of loving him afterwds, is like going to sea in a storm, in hopes of fair weather.

"He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, nor strong, nor rich, nor wise."